Numb. 8.

The Female Tatler.

By *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

Sum Canna Vocalis.

From *Friday July* 22. to *Monday July* 25.

I'M oblig'd to the Gentleman, who wrote the following Letter, for the Complements he makes me; but if he ſaw my Face, he'd think no more of Adoration. Beauty was ever the leaſt of my Aim, I would rather chuſe to recommend my ſelf by a tolerable Underſtanding; 'tis true, it heightens a Lady's Character, and when a fine Woman ſhall deliver her ſelf in an Elegant manner, her Beauty, like ſweetning a Note in Muſick, is a grace to her Expreſſion; and the Men are raviſh'd with her, when they'd be but barely pleas'd with one leſs agreeable: But if Gentlemen would not value a Woman chiefly for her Perſon, and think the ſilliеſt things Wit that come from Youth and Beauty, our Sex would employ ſome time in cultivating their Minds, and take more Pains to place their Words, than their Patches.

Madam,

WHEN the Fair turn Authors, Scholars immediately grow Admirers, and a poor Oxonian *would be glad to be an* Amanuenſis. *If this Attempt from the Memoirs of* Atalantis *may be accepted, it comes in Homage to your Female Empire. I had finiſh'd it, but the* Pro-Proctor *catching me with an Hat in* Glouceſter Green, *hath impos'd me a Tranſlation from damn'd* Lycophron; *which is crabbed, and puzzling. When I have pay'd that Tick (which will be much ſooner than my Mercers) I will compleat it. Now to* Commons, *then to the* Mere-maid, *the Toaſt Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *and ſo to Bed. Yours,*

Oxford, July 16. 1709. Burgerſdicius.

CHARLOTTE: Or, the Guardian.

ASSIST me, Vertue! *lend thy ſacred Aid,*
To ſing the Story of th' At'lantis Maid;
And thou, Aſtræa! *juſtly to diſpence*
Inſtructive Knowledge, from Intelligence:
And let the Fair, *who ſhall unfold the Roll,*
Record theſe Lines, and bind them on their Soul.
In Atalantis, *a fam'd Iſle, where late*
The Great Henriques *ſav'd, and rul'd the State,*
A Maid there was, Patrician *by Deſcent,*
Of Diſpoſition tow'rdly, Excellent:
Her Mamma dead, now Fatherleſs ſhe ſtood,
Hard was her Fate, but yet her Fortune good:
Well recommended to a Noble Peer,
She found a Guardian and a Papa *near.*
His Pretty Girls ſhe had out-ſtrip'd in Years,
Fit for ripe Nurture and his manly Cares.
Some with more Beauty may engage Surprize,
With Sweetneſs charm, or dazzle with their Eyes;
Charlotte *in lovely Shape ſurmounted all,*
Graceful in Mien, and beautifully Tall.
The mighty Handſome *treacherouſly invite,*
Provoke the War, and then diſdain the Fight;
But view th' Agreeable,----*with Eaſe they gain,*
Beſpeak the Lover, and reward his Pain;
They gently conquer, and they mildly reign.
She heard him gladly, and Attention lent,
To each kind Precept, and wiſe Document.
He thus addreſs'd her,---Turn your Thoughts within,
Shut out the glaring World, and Giddy Scene
Of outward Pomp: Permit your active Mind
To ſoar aleft, and the Creator find.
By Contemplation He's beſt underſtood
To be but One, All-mighty, and All-good.
With daily Adoration then begin,
Ward againſt Vice, and deprecate each Sin.
Strive to be good---We imitate below,
The Deity above, by being ſo.
Make your Diverſions innocent, not gay,
Temper your Pleaſures with a due Allay,
Relieve your Work with Books, your Book with Play;
But yet be curious in your Books, and chuſe
The good, the Proſe correct, and chaſt the Muſe;
Not light Romances, and the Love-penn'd Theams,
Of ſoftning Poetry, and Novel Dreams.
Your Lecture Walks in Privacy beſtow,
Secret from hurried Noiſe and idle Show.
Strike the Spinnet, and tune Ætherial Praiſe,
Unbend to Slumbers with compoſing Lays:
Grave, and well-choſen Muſick will controul
The Paſſions; but if light, it jarrs the Soul.
Flee the immodeſt Drama's, and looſe Plays,
Our Modern Aſſignation Opera's;
Yet not too rigidly condemn the Stage,
Where well wrought Scenes correct the vicious Age,
Preſenting Honour, Friendſhip, Love Refin'd,
By outward Action ſtamp'd upon the Mind.
Let not vain Hopes with Fancy'd Joys amuſe,
Diſturb your Peace, and Indolence abuſe;
Nor let the Fears of Diſappointments vex,
Theſe are Extreams too rugged for your Sex.
Sit looſe from Airs affected, Toſs of Head,
The Labour'd Court'ſie, and the Gimming Tread;
Loud nauſeous Laughter, and that ſteering way,
Scornful of others, full of what you ſay.
Pride not your ſelf in ſparkling Wit, that Vein
Of Self-conceit e'er ſwelling with Diſdain;
Eternal Praters commonly we ſee
O'erſhot in Talk, and foil'd in Repartee,
Each one oppoſes, ſuch Tyrannick Wit,
And 'tis a common Cauſe to humble it.

An Expreſs from *Peckham* gives an Account, that Mrs. *Margaret* and Mrs. *Milliſent Trott* are grown ſo very ridiculous, not a Neighbour will receive a Viſit from them; they affect every thing that's Maſculine, their Shifts are call'd Shirts, their Headcloaths are their Perriwigs, their Wrapper is their Double-button'd Coat, and their Furbelow-Scarves

their

their Rauquelores ; they are very intimate with *Obadiah Subpœna*, an impudent Atorney ; and *Frank Fore-caſtle*, a ratling Sea Captain ; are frequently dreſs'd in Man's Cloaths, and gallop with 'em to the *Palatines* ; where, tho' they have not taught 'em *Engliſh*, 'tis ſuſpected they have given ſome of 'em to underſtand, that Converſation may be held between People of different Nations, without knowing one anothers Language : But the worſt of the matter is, they have ſeduc'd Miſs *Lack-it* from the Boarding-School, who ſteals out when her Miſtreſs is a Bed, to ramble with 'em : they'll ſit down tightly to a Bowl of Punch, and then ſcowre the Streets, break Windows, and have ſo little regard to their own Sex, as to abuſe every Woman they meet : they are Women of Condition as well as Fortune, and their Relations having in vain us'd all Arguments to reclaim 'em, were forc'd to intreat a Publick Reprimand.

The two Ladies I have little to ſay to, a Wound taken early may be eaſily cur'd, and one fooliſh Frolick, the Town may have good Nature enough to forget ; but a Reputation once loſt, like a Mortification, is almoſt irrecoverable. As to the Girl, her Miſtreſs is more to blame for not keeping a ſtricter Eye over her ; her Actions confirm me in the Diſlike I ever had to *Boarding-Schools* ; People of Faſhion now adays educate their Children at home, and whereas formerly, Miſs was a Romp at Twenty, ſhe is now, by the Management of her Parents, a diſcreet young Lady at Fifteen.

*** *The* Scoundrel Galley, *Captain* Freight-rabble *Commander, is ready to ſet Sail for the Plantations, and wou'd take in* Players, Pick-pockets, Fidlers, Dancing-Maſters, Ballad-Singers, Old Bayely Solicitors, *and* Cuſtom-Houſe Tideſmen ; *all* Bridewel *and* Work-Houſe Nymphs, *great Belly'd* Chambermaids, *Gaming* City Wives, Bawds, Harradans, *and all other ſort of People that are Uſeleſs and Scandalous in the Nation.* Note, *that if the* French Prophets *with Mr.* D'Urfey, *have a mind to tranſport themſelves, they ſhall lie in the great Cabin. He has room for about Seven Hundred* Engliſh Beggars ; *for ſince the poor* Palatines *are come over, who are Objects of very great Charity, 'tis fit the Nation ſhould be rid of an impudent Crew, that perfectly run into Folks Houſes, and affront every body that refuſes to give them Money,*

†‡† *Whereas in the* Britiſh-Apollo *of* Wedneſday *laſt, 'tis inſerted, that the Society have appointed a Servant to deliver their Papers at* Wapping, Shadwel, Ratcliff Croſs, *&c. Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *in the name of the whole Town, deſires they'd ſend half their Papers to thoſe ingenious Parts ; and as the other ſide of the Water are ſuppos'd to have as true a Taſte of Learning as the Chocolate-Houſes at* Wapping, *let them ſend the reſt to* Horſeley-down, Shad-Thames, Bermondſey, *and* Rotherhithe.

∴ *A Ship laden with* Monkeys, *is lately come into the River ; the young ones are fit for Ladies Pages, the middle ag'd ones, Ladies Impertinents, and the old ones will make admirable C-------n-C-----l-Men ; they are to be ſeen any Hour of the Day, at the* St. George *near the* Tower.

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